



The Blue



22 4 4

Chapter 1 by Izaya Vratasaki

Mom used to say: the sky is no different than a women's ravishing lips. It stimulated your unhallowed desires, tempted the darkest depth of your heart that craved for unbound freedom just to discover the inane of it.

The cage loved us, like any motherland would do. It was a universal truth for all the zoo born animals. Occasionally, when a good many wild ones were to stay here, our ideology would be at stake. They would never get over their stereotypical behaviour (they would say it was a curse of the cage) and a whole lot of us would be swayed by their farfetched tales. They never hypnotized me of course, for mom was there to repel them off. She would say- Josh loves us. He keeps us, feeds us, cleans us and does everything in his power to make cage life far better than the sky can ever offer.

Chapter 2 by -



But a day came when mom had to leave. She was unresponsive to my nudges and whines. And when Josh came to feed us, she did not get up.

I got upset when Josh came and took her away from me. I had never lost anyone before and didn't know it was part of the great world.

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With the loss of mom, our lives began to appeal to me. They were so energetic. They had so many things to say and I would listen to them for hours.

I wanted to know what it was like to be "free." I knew no other life than the one behind bars.

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